

HOME COMFORTS.

The husband comes home from the mart with jangled nerves and aching heart, for he has striven till he's sore, to keep the lean wolf from the door.

"A peaceful evening by the fire," he mutters, "is my one desire; away from talk of trades and deals, away from money-changers' spleens. When all my loved ones round me smile, I may forget, for one brief while, the long hard struggle for the price of bread and spuds and coal and ice."

He stows his meal away with care, and then sits in his rocking chair and heaves a sigh of deep relief; for one short night, farewell to grief!

A voice breaks through his waking dreams; his wife is talking some, it seems.

"My Sunday gown," he hears her say, "is only fit to give away. The heathen on some foreign shore might use it for a year or more; but all its seams are torn and wrecked, and I can't keep my self-respect if I must wear that tawdry thing I bought six years ago this spring. I know you haven't the cash to spare, but I must have some clothes to wear."

"And Julia's hat is just a sight! You wouldn't have your girl a fright? She sees the other girls go by, with lids and clothes that please the eye, and some of them have gems and furs; and she must wear that hat of hers, that Noah's sister's cousin Jane invented when they had the rain."

"And Charles Augustus needs new boots and ought to have two brand-new suits. I am ashamed the way he goes to school in his old shabby clothes. I know his teacher must exclaim, 'The way they dress him is a shame!' I know you are no millionaire, but you should want your boy to wear as handsome clothes as any lad, so you should spend a dozen shillings. To save I most sincerely try, but there are things we'll have to buy. We need new rugs in every room—the old ones all my soul with gloom; we need new railings on the stairs; we ought to have a dozen chairs; a carpet sweeper I must get, even though we have to go in debt!"

"Oh, jumping ginger!" wails her husband. "I'll spend the evening at the club! Perhaps in that sequestered nest, a weary married man may rest!"

—By Walt Mason from Judge.

Efficiency.

The spirit of efficiency hovers close to earth, having no wings forth mentioning. It crawls and diths and never flies. Wherever much emphasis is placed on dreary detail, we suspect efficiency. Nobody is able to welcome its commonplace machinery until after it is explained at great length. Then the operator accepts it as mechanical slavery. An inspiration dies.

Evil routine is a model exponent of efficiency. This is approved in some quarters as superb. In consequence, vision is converged, discernment modified, aims are metamorphosed, and over all some stars are eclipsed.

When efficiency is not too much in the way, something persists that will in time burst into clear view of all eyes that are not gazing too hard at the footpath.

Perhaps the best illustration of up-to-date efficiency is the scrubbing of floors with an excess of thoroughness as to the corners.—From Judge.

It is always more or less of a shock to a woman when she discovers later in the game that her husband really did know what he was talking about.

An egotist is a man who insists on telling you the things about himself that you want to tell him about yourself.

But, of course, a woman thinks she can play the piano well enough to entertain the kind of neighbors she has.

A girl never fully appreciates a young man until some other girl tries to get a corner on his affections.

A newly married woman is easily entertained. All one has to do is let her talk of her husband.

No man can love his neighbor as himself unless the aforesaid neighbor is a female of the species.

Sometimes a man has to be smart in order to make enough money to support his grown-up sons.

He is truly a wise man who refrains from discussing religion, politics or self with his friends.

A rich girl must be awfully homely if a young man would rather work than wed her.

We would rather be held up by a stranger than thrown down by a friend.

If a man has a nagging wife, he knows all about silence that is golden.

Diplomacy is the art of getting what you want without fighting for it.

Yet the owner of a mule is never sure that he hasn't a kick coming.

Don't have too little confidence in yourself or too much in others.

Indigestion of the conscience is usually due to stolen sweets.

Sooner or later the high flyer must pay up or come down.

Love doesn't thrive on absent treatment.

How to Be Efficient.

Nothing saps the vitality like kidney trouble. It causes backache, headache, stiff joints, sore muscles, "always tired" feeling, rheumatism and other ills. To be efficient, you must be healthy. Foley Kidney Pills strengthen the kidneys, help them do their work of filtering out from the system the waste matter that causes the trouble.

California produces more than 20,000,000 pounds of walnuts annually, and soon the largest establishment in the world for tanning and cleaning these nuts will be in operation in that state.

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Men's 2 for 25c Dress Hose, in black and tan only; at this sale, pair

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\$1.50 and \$2.00 Dress Shirts, very latest styles, all sizes, up to 18; at this sale

89c

Men's \$1.00 Sweater Coats, with shawl collar, in blue and grey; at this sale

59c

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The Miniature

By PAUL AUGUSTINE BARRY.
Copyright, Paget Newspaper Service.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

Crash! A spurt of flame leaped from the muzzle of the sentinel's rifle, and the shadowy form that had committed the capital military crime—refusal to halt at a sentry's challenge—crumpled into a dark mass on the narrow footpath.

The sound of the shot echoed dully under the dripping trees and against the sodden canvas of the camp, startling the tropic night into momentary alarm.

The sentinel snapped another cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and carefully watched the prostrate form at which he had fired, while he called loudly for the corporal of the guard.

In the savage tropics a soldier soon learns that foolish curiosity is no part of an infantry sentinel's equipment. Where a wounded enemy whom he stoops to succor will suddenly whip out a flame-like crease, and with an expiring effort drive it through the rescuer, and then die happy having slain an infidel dog, the amenities of civilized warfare are soon laid aside.

The sentinel, at a secure distance, and keenly alert for danger from any other source, watched the victim of his shot until the rhythmic thudding of feet on the dew-wet ground told of the coming of the relief of the guard.

Halting the approaching man until he was satisfied of their identity, he let them advance, and reported what had occurred to the non-commissioned officer of the guard.

Cautiously advancing to the prostrate figure, holding his rifle at the ready, the corporal convinced himself that the man lying there was dead.

"A good shot, Jones," he muttered to the sentinel, as he knelt beside the body. "If one does not shoot straight the first time in this country his chance for ever firing again isn't much."

Striking a match against the stock of his rifle he stooped over the dead man.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "It's an officer!"

"He won't shoot!" said the sentinel. "I wouldn't halt and you know our orders."

"It's Captain Orden," said the corporal in a whisper. "You did your duty—you had to shoot. But Orden! He knew the orders. Why—"

The captain of the guard leaned his elbows on the rough boards of an improvised table, intently reading one of many letters that the monthly mail had brought him that day.

A candle stuck upright in its own grease flared fitfully, as a wandering breeze from Lake Lano, shaking the rain-like dewdrops from the trees on to the damp canvas of the tent, stole through the open flaps.

Suddenly the captain found himself on his feet, listening intently, while his right hand loosened his pistol in its holster. The slow pacing steps of the sentinel outside of the guard tent had stopped. The hot, steamy tropical night seemed waiting, in its velvet blackness.

The sentinel in front of the tent caught a distant call. "Corporal of the Guard, Number Seven!" The tension relaxed, and in an instant a detachment of the guard was away at the double to Post Number Seven.

With an unconscious sigh of relief the captain turned to the table and reloaded his letters, stuffing them in his pockets while he waited for a report of the cause of the single shot he had heard in the distance.

Soon the sound of the relief returning was followed by a movement at the entrance of the tent. The ser-

geant of the guard entered and saluted.

"Captain Orden shot by Number Seven, sir," he reported. "He walked up on Number Seven and would not halt when challenged."

"Where is Captain Orden?" asked the captain of the guard.

"In his tent, sir," answered the sergeant.

"Take charge of the guard until I return," ordered the captain. "Have you notified the surgeon?"

"Yes, sir," the sergeant replied. "He is there now."

A few minutes later the captain of the guard met the regimental surgeon dropping the flaps of Orden's tent behind him as he emerged into the quiet company street.

"Good shot, that sentinel," said the surgeon, as he ran his fingers thoughtfully through his gray hair. "Poor Orden never felt it. But he knew this camp like a book, Captain. God knows we've been in the beastly place long enough for him to. Why should he deliberately walk up on Number Seven?"

"Who knows?" answered the captain, as he opened the flaps and entered the tent.

Orden's body was on his field bed. By the light of a flickering candle on the camp table the captain noticed the tiny blue mark on the forehead, where the sentinel's bullet had found its target.

In warfare soldiers soon become indifferent to death, even accept it as a matter of course, but a wave of bitter sadness swept over the officer as he turned from his friend to the table.

A pile of letters lay there. One, open and face down, seemed about to slip from the rough table to the ground. The officer picked up the sheet of heavy paper and turned it over.

A wedding announcement. He caught the name "Catherine" black on its creamy surface, and with a flush and a feeling almost of sacrilege, he thrust it into an envelope that lay open beside it.

He noticed curiously that none of the other letters had been opened.

A wandering breeze made the candle flicker as he turned to leave the tent, and his eye caught a wavering gleam from something on the trodden earth of the tent floor.

He stooped, to pick up what he saw to be the broken remnant of an exquisite miniature.

The beautiful face had been scarred and twisted as if a frantic heel had driven it hard into the earth, but across the back of the jewel-set frame he could read the name "Catherine."

Placing it beside the letters, the captain of the guard dropped the flaps of the tent behind him.

Horrid Uncle.

A certain charming young thing of this town has an uncle of whom she has always been, and still is, very fond; but just at present she is convinced that he is as catty as any woman she's ever known.

She tells the story herself: "Listen. You know I have always had an excessive affection for Uncle Dick, and have without exception told him everything—absolutely everything."

"Now, the fact that I have had so much trouble with—well, you know with whom—has never been a joke to me. Last year, when that affair with Tom was on, I wrote, of course, to Uncle Dick about it—Uncle was then in the west. Now, since he always liked Tom, he wrote me a beautiful letter, offering me all manner of felicitations and wishes for a bright and prosperous future. I treasured that letter from Uncle Dick."

"Now, it isn't necessary for me to refer to my disappointment in Tom—his behavior justified any action on my part. I know that people will say I threw him over and all that sort of thing; but, honestly, there was only one thing to do, and of course I did it."

"Well, I suppose it did seem a little startling to Uncle Dick, when a little over two months since the writing of his first letter he received another from me telling him of my engagement to Harry. But Uncle was terribly nice about it. He approved of my course in the matter, even though he did prefer Tom to anybody else. And I couldn't complain of the letter; Uncle sent me in reply to the second. It was just as nice as his first, although he did give a hint of surprise."

"It was afterward that Uncle Dick showed himself most objectionable. Two weeks ago, when I found that, after all was said and done, it was really Clarence that I loved, I got a third letter from Uncle Dick—the brute! After acknowledging the receipt of my announcement he went on to say:

"Permit me, my dear, to congratulate you on your approaching marriage to—"

"Then he inserted one of those star signs (what do you call 'em—asterisks?) and added in a footnote: 'Here insert the name of the happy man!'"

An Orphan.

Alice Joyce, star in motion pictures, had an experience with a little negro girl which brings a chuckle wherever it is repeated.

Miss Joyce was on her way home after an arduous day's work. A little colored girl crying against a telegraph pole aroused her sympathy. The crying star approached the girl and inquired the cause of the trouble. The child replied that her aunt had just driven her from the house.

"Where is your father?" asked Miss Joyce.

"Nevah had no pappy," was the reply.

"Well, where is your mother?"

"Dead," was the laconic answer.

Miss Joyce was touched. "Dead," she replied pityingly.

"Yah! she done died befoh Ah was bo'n."

In Honor of the Boarders.

"Ma, better lock up the bathroom, and get out the old wooden tubs."

"Why pa—"

"And hide the phonograph and those seven-dollar records."

"For goodness' sake—"

"And while you're at it you'd better put away your fancy dishes and get out those old blue things you hate so."

"What's gettin' into you, pa?"

"We've got a few summer boarders coming here from the city, and we've got to give 'em the sort of country life they expect."

Necessity and Custom.

A group of Boston physicians gathered together for Harvard commencement week festivities were swapping stories.

"An unfortunate man," said one, "was seized suddenly on the street with cramps. He was hurried, despite his protests, to a hospital. The physicians there looked him over, poked him and said:

"We may as well remove your appendix."

"Is it necessary?" asked the trembling victim.

"It is not necessary," said one physician, "but it is customary."

When Baby Has the Croup.

When a mother is awakened from sound sleep to find her child who has gone to bed apparently in the best of health struggling for breath, she is naturally alarmed. Yet if she can keep her presence of mind and give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy every ten minutes until vomiting is produced, quick relief will follow and the child will drop to sleep to awaken in the morning as well as ever. This remedy has been in use for many years with uniform success. For sale by all dealers.—Advt.

Finland has an area of 144,249 square miles, of which one-sixth is water, owing to the innumerable lakes in the interior of the country.

Pathetic
"Why, my dear!" exclaimed the good friend, on finding Mrs. Newwed in a flood of tears. "What is the matter?"

The young wife wiped her eyes and tried to compose herself and be inhumanly calm.

"Well," she began, with folded hands, "you know John is away to be gone a week."

"Yes, my dear," helped the lady friend.

"Well, he writes me regularly, and in his last letter he tells me he gets my photo out and kisses it every day."

"But there is nothing for you to cry about in that!" exclaimed the good friend.

"Yes, there is," cried Mrs. Newwed, bursting into tears afresh, "because I took my picture out of his bag before he started, just for a joke, and put one of my mother's in its place!"

CAN'T KEEP AND GIVE.



"You say he gave you his word he would do it?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's the trouble; you should have made him keep it!"

Possibly Talented.

"These are evil days for the rich men," said George Ade at a luncheon at the Chicago Athletic Club. "I'd rather be a pickpocket than an interlocking director—there's more honor in it."

"They say that a cannibal king recently sent posthaste for his doctor."

"Good gracious, man!" the doctor said. "You're in a dreadful state. What have you been eating?"

"Nothing," groaned the sick man, "except a slice of that multimillionaire whose yacht was wrecked on Coconut Reef."

His Aim.

The cannon ball express was crawling up the Blue Ridge not far above Warrenton when a small yellow dog dashed snarling out of a house near the track and ran after the train, barking at a furious rate.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the conductor, proudly, to a passenger from the north who stood beside him on the rear platform, "that's a most amazing dog. He tears out of that house every day and chases after this train for miles. He's—"

"Pardon me, captain," interrupted a long, solemn Virginia farmer, the only other occupant of the platform. "but what do you s'pose he's aimin' to do with the train if he does catch it?"

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